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"Is she here?" he struggled to inquire. "Oh, madam, whoever you are, and however you became acquainted with this strange history, do not make long torture. If Bertha Soule is here, let me see her."

"No, sir," I said firmly, "you must submit to a little of the torture which you have not been too merciful to inflict."

"Nor too unfeeling to endure," he added.

"I believe you; but what I do is necessary to do. Before you can see Bertha Soule, you must give me your promise to betroth her, immediately—that is, if she consents," said I, venturing a smile.

"Easy condition," he replied, returning my smile with one of dazzling brilliancy.

"Yet you virtually repudiated her once before," I commented.

"I had sworn never to marry a coquette; and strangely enough, I did her the injustice of believing she must be one. But the wrong thought has passed away. I now know that such truth as hers to me never could have root in a false or hollow soul. Besides," he added, solemnly, "this is a union designed by Heaven; I am convinced of it. Such evidences as I have had of spiritual alliance cannot be disbelieved. But, madam—," he looked at me with a half-apologetic, half-beseeching look.

"I understand," I said, turning to go.

"I shall wish to know more of you hereafter," he said, following me a pace or two, "but now—"

"Indeed you mistake, if you attribute your good fortunes in any degree to myself," I interrupted; "for what I have said was only just prompted by the pressure of circumstances. I found Bertha Soule on a pilgrimago of which you were the shrine and the saint. Make your acknowledgments to her."

"So, she was coming to find me?" he cried, grasping my arm.

"She was following the beckoning of an invisible hand, leading her to you."

"For how long?"

"For a year and a half of wandering up and down the world," I answered; "and mark me! this wandering has saved her too finely organized brain from the blight of madness. Beware how you reward this adoring passion; beware, lest sometime in the future your harder, sterner intellect shall press her yielding mind too far!"

He released my arm and looked at me with exquisite anguish painted in his face:

"I have been a monster," said he, the tears gathering in his lustrous eyes.

"So that you are a tamed monster now, it will all be well," I answered: "but here we are. Stay you here one moment, while I step into Bertha's room."

"Can you endure the trial, do you think?" I asked, seeing how pale and ill she looked. Then I added: "Ah, happy lovers, to meet in the midst of a mutual search!"

"Did he say that?" cried Bertha, the color rushing into her wan cheeks.

"He will perish with suspense unless you hasten to look proper, and go to meet him," I said, affecting a playful haste. "Come, let me help you with this dishevelled mantle of locks. He is the handsomest man I ever saw," I continued, seeing how her hands trembled with nervous agitation, and hoping to divert her thoughts.

It was in vain that I endeavored to make her compose herself, and knowing very well whose strength would do more for her than mine could, I hastily wrapped her shawl about her, and thrust her gently through the door. I did not look after her, but sat a few moments on the side of her couch, expecting she might be brought back. At the end of those few moments, I passed into the ladies' cabin and sat down. The captain soon came and sat beside me.

"What have you done with Mr. Lamorne?" he asked.

"Set him to making love," I replied carelessly.

"Just what I expected! but you are very frank about it."

"More so than I should have been if the case had been my own, perhaps."

"So you are setting him to make love to somebody else? Well, that is a more disinterested action than I thought you capable of."

"Ah? I do not want another woman's lover, I assure you, and am always willing to assist another to her rights. But *mine*—mind you! that would be a different matter."

The captain laughed, and pretended that there was no knowing when a woman spoke the truth about her sentiments.

"Then it is because you give us no encouragement to do so, by being equally frank."

An hour later I went to Miss Soule's room. She was lying on her couch, looking flushed, but joyous.

"Keep our secret," said she, holding my hand. "Oh, how fortunate that I had just told you all about it; I should have made such a scene by myself—I always do; but now I am calm again," and she drew me down to her and kissed me gratefully.

I never saw so rapid an improvement in health and appearance as took place in Bertha Soule's case during the remainder of that voyage, which, on account of the difficulties of navigation, was considerably prolonged. She was fast returning to her former marvellous beauty, as the admiring glances of the male portion of our passengers flatteringly testified. Never, before or since, have I taken so much pleasure in thinking of the union of two lives in one, as in that of Pascal Lamorne and Bertha Soule: therefore I often find myself gazing at the pretty ring I wear on my left hand, which was placed there as a memorial by those singularly acquired friends; and is as precious to me as any ring could be, but one, which all can guess the name of.

IN MEMORIAM.

NO. III.

THE flowers are gone, their bloom is o'er,
Resting in earth, 'neath winter snows,
As thou dost take thy calm repose,
Nor lulled by ocean's slumberous roar.

As thou hast risen, they shall rise,
When wakes the gentle, genial Spring,
And o'er thy grave their sweetness fling,
Beauteous unto our loving eyes.

Dearer shall then be Greenwood's shades;
Sweeter the Spring than then before;
Never the murmur of *no more*
Shall whisper through its dreamy glades.

Meantime, we trace thy artist-skill
In many a relic, now so dear;
Each smile is dewed with Nature's tear,
Not now grief-frozen—but sad, still.

E'en garments, fashioned by thy hand,
Too sacred seem for our poor use:
We feel it sacrilege, abuse,
To loose a thread—a seam unband.

What then of treasures of thine art?
We gaze, and ponder as we gaze,
On scenes now soft through memory's haze,
Till tear-drops trickle from the heart.

Yet still we would not dare recall
The friend whom we have loved and lost;
We would not have thee at this cost,
But sooner weep, and bear our thrall.

NEW-YORK, Jan. 12. 1860.

A. P. C.